February 1, 2025

The Crucible

In Salem's shadowed streets of yore,

A fearsome trial, the townsfolk bore,

Through whispers dark and hearts so frail,

They faced the crucible's fiery veil.

Accusations flew, with venom rife,

Innocence entangled in the strife,

A crucible of souls, laid bare,

Under scrutiny's relentless glare.

From twisted tales, the truth concealed,

Injustice thrived as lies revealed,

Yet in the flames, some hearts did find,

A strength beyond the fear entwined.

Though trials fade, the lesson stays,

Through history's torch, it lights our ways,

In every test, a truth we see,

The crucible's forge, our legacy.